

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
O! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
O! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming,
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still beams in their eyes.
O! those truant from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But the sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bent,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
And when all the lessons are ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Woman's Rights.

The friends of woman's rights in Washington City have called a National Convention to meet in December next. They expect Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Griffling, Professor Wilcox and other advocates of the cause to attend. The concluding paragraph of the call is couched in the following words:

Arouse, then, women of America! Sleep no more while your sisters suffer! Dream not yourselves secure while dangers lie in wait! Though weak be wise. While fortunate, arm yourselves against misfortune. Demand that society cease to make your weakness woe. Claim the freedom which is at once your right and your education. Insist that the ballot-box be open to you to use if you will. Command thus the respect of the politicians. Oblige them to open the professions to you. Raise by this means the remuneration of your toil. Reform the laws and let the holy state of marriage be to none a mere means of bread. Can this good work be done in a day? No; it needs time and toil from you all. Gather, then, mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the nation, at the Capitol of the Republic in December next, and demand from Congress and the country freedom to exercise your rights.

Rudolf Plays Billiards.

Rudolf, the French billiardist, is said to have made the following shots lately at the rooms of Chris. O'Connor, in New York City. He does not consider them at all difficult:

The flying trapeze shot: This is accomplished by forcibly throwing the ball, from behind the back, high into the air, catching it as it descends at the extreme butt end of the cue, along which it travels to the point—the cue being held a foot above the table bed; darting from thence to the cushion the ball rolls on this entirely around the table, and dropping upon the bed, caroms on the two reds and white, holing the three, thus making a thirteen shot, stopping in the center of the table. This is a pleasing and very simple shot to one that can accomplish it. We made five attempts at it but failed miserably. We could throw the ball into the air but the balance of the performance was a failure.

The tumbler shot: A tumbler is placed in the center of the table, and a ball driven straight for it with force, but when within two inches it stops for a second, as if arrested by some unseen power, then suddenly describes a circle around the tumbler, and jumping from the table drops into the glass, which rings merrily for a moment, from the motion of the spring ball inside, when it is suddenly overturned bottom up, enclosing the ball still spinning in its glass prison. This is a very beautiful performance and really wonderful.

The kaleidoscope shot: The red balls are placed against the side cushions, midway the table, opposite each other, and one of the white balls against the lower cushion in the center. Exactly opposite, against the head cushion, is the cue ball. This is struck with some degree of force, and starting for the right-hand cushion it sends the dark red there to the center of the table; then going for the white that is sent likewise to the center; it then goes for the other red, which also goes to the center, and the cue ball, coming home to the point of starting, goes from thence

to the center to keep the other three balls company, and there the four remain for an instant "froze," when they open ranks and return to their original positions against the cushions. Any one who can witness this performance and not regard Monsieur Rudolf a necromancer must have more faith in human powers than we have.

The jumping and carom shot: The two reds are placed on the spots, and the two whites about a foot from the cushions, all four in a line. Striking the cue ball, it jumps the three balls without touching, goes to the lower cushion, comes back, jumping the white, this time touching it, caroms on the dark red, takes the side cushion at the center, caroms on the light red and comes home to the upper cushion. This is a most remarkable shot considering that it is played by the professor blindfolded.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Wisconsin papers tell terrible tales of the effects of the collapse of the hop bubble, the termination of the hop fever, and the fall in the price of hops. For some years past the hop crop has been so abundant, the prices so high and the returns so large, that the hop growers became infatuated, and great numbers of otherwise sensible men were converted into hop monomaniacs, who thought of nothing, talked of nothing and cared for nothing but hops. Every other interest gave way to hops. The tumble in the price of hops has produced a wide-spread disaster. The farmers in the hop regions, since the magic reed upon which they leaned has broken, are without money and without bread; in short they are left with nothing but mortgaged farms, needy families and ruined credit. The Wisconsin papers say that the result of the present state of affairs will be the uprooting of probably one-half the hop yards in the State, and predict that the recovery from so disastrous a crash will be very slow.

Slurs on Woman.

At a recent dinner in New York at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast on "Woman," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being the surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet and said: "I trust the gentlemen, in the application of his remarks refers to his own mother and sisters, not to ours."

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming, the maligner of women was covered with confusion and shame.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words which we have for a long time had it in our mind to say.

Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to speak slightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is safe to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deeply rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or lewd women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these than they have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in police courts.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.—*Packard's Monthly.*

REGISTERED LETTERS.—Postmaster-General Randall has issued an order that from and after the 1st day of January next registration fees on all letters registered in and addressed to any part of the United States shall be fifteen cents (instead of twenty cents, as at present), the same to be in all cases fully prepaid in postage stamps affixed to the letter and cancelled. The present rates will continue until New York's day.

Colonel Branner, President of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, was attacked with paralysis last week. He is now very low.

Jim Ashley, the great impeacher, is defeated in Ohio. This will be good news for Grant, if he proposes to go back on the radical policy, as his friends say he will.

Every day a laboring man works, 50 cents of his wages go to the bloated bondholders.

The radicals pretend that the negroes are just as competent for self-government as the white men. Then why was it necessary to establish a government bureau through which to feed and clothe them, at the expense of white labor at the North? Answer.—They are not fitted for self-government, and the radicals wish to pocket ten millions of the public money.

The New York Times, a Republican paper, says that "within the last year the value of property in Memphis has decreased over \$19,000,000, and there are now over 450 stores empty on the principal streets of that city." This is a confession of the ruinous effects of a radical reconstructed State administration. Brownlow's government of Tennessee is the specimen brick of the edifice. Is it worth while to crush the North by taxes in order to keep up a state of things which ruins property and empties houses and stores in the cities of the South?

Weights and Measures.

Bushels.	Pounds.
Salt.....	56
Corn, Shelled.....	56
Corn in Ear.....	70
Turnips.....	55
Brans.....	20
Stone Coal.....	80
Unshelled Lino.....	80
Corn Meal.....	48
Wheat.....	60
Peas.....	60
Rye.....	56
Oats.....	35
Irish Potatoes.....	60
Sweet Potatoes.....	55
White Beans.....	60
Clover Seed.....	60
Timothy Seed.....	45
Flax Seed.....	65
Blue-Grass Seed.....	14
Buck Wheat.....	59
Dried Peaches.....	33
Dried Apples.....	28
Onions.....	57

Tennessee Bank Notes.

Bank of Tennessee, old issue.....	28
Planters' Bank.....	par
Union Bank.....	par
Union Bank Certificates.....	par
Bank of Chattanooga.....	06
" of Commerce.....	65
" of Knoxville.....	65
" of Memphis.....	95
" of Middle Tennessee.....	90
" of Paris.....	par
" of the Union.....	35
" of West Tennessee.....	35
Buck's Bank.....	par
City.....	65
Commercial Bank.....	25
Mechanics' Bank.....	par
Northern Bank.....	par
Ocoee Bank.....	12
Bank of Shelbyville.....	70
Southern Bank.....	10
Traders' Bank.....	par
Life and General Insurance Company.....	10

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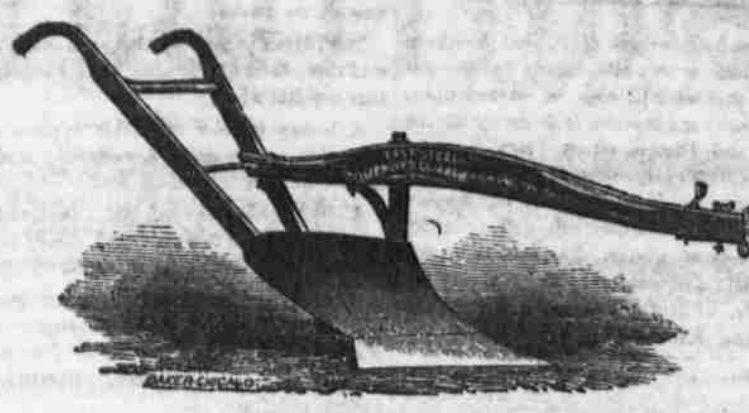
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apl16-1f

AUGUST 1, 1868.

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Sweetwater, Sept. 24, 1868. tf.

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Sept. 10, 1868.

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